COUÉ'S SYSTEM OF SELF-HEALING TO BE TRIED HERE IN JANUARY

Teacher of Method Which Has Had Remarkable Success in Europe Is Coming to the United States.

THE DRUGGIST WHOM MANY ACCLAIM AS HEALER.

COUÉ WITH A FEW of HIS PATIENTS OUTSIDE the "PSYCHOLOGICAL CLINIC"

THE COUÉ HOME.

Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.
Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York Herald Bureau, Paris, Oct. 10.

"EVERY city, town and hamlet in the United States may yet have its own Lourdes, perhaps without the religious fervor of the ancient French place of healing, but with modern miracles as astounding as anything ever recorded by a Christian pilgrimage."

To those who have followed the remarkable successes of "Dr." E. Coue of Nancy in his conferences in Paris and London on "Applied Psychology" the above declaration by one of his closest disciples has but one explanation—M. Coue is going to the United States next January and will carry to a score of large American centers his new interpretation of the Scriptural injunction.

"Man, heal thyself!"

Many conflicting reports have been circulated as to M. Coue's methods, the tremendous wealth he is supposed to be amassing from the sufferers who are convinced that he possesses a singular power of healing; the quiet, flower-encircled sanatorium where nervous members of the nobility of Europe are said to be paying vast sums to have M. Coue treat their maladies by mystic passes of his hands and unique hypnotic influence. But these stories are false, for a personal investigation for THE NEW YORK HERALD shows:

First. M. Coue, for thirty-odd years a respected druggist in the Nancy district, is independently wealthy, and refuses to accept either payment or gifts for such services as he is able to render, and even pays his own expenses whenever he leaves Nancy to expound his doctrine.

Second. There is no Coue sanatorium—merely a small, stucco covered cottage adjoining his own garden, where he and two disciples, one a young woman graduate of the Beaux Arts in Paris, daily receive the scores of patients who come to listen to M. Coue's explanation of his belief and to witness results attending their first visit. In fact, once the Coue idea is grasped there is no need for further sitting at the feet of the "Master-teacher," as his friends fondly call him. Casual visitors from England, the United States and every part of the Continent have come to Nancy intending to stay days or weeks if necessary. After one interview they have gone away as inspired and as capable of carrying on the work of healing as is M. Coue himself.

One Simple Lesson Enough If Reenforced by Faith

For M. Coue has merely found a way of expressing in simple terms and with actual results convincing those who are willing to be convinced the world old truth that "a sound mind, i. e., a fundamentally sound nervous structure, means a sound body." By instilling this truth in just one simple lesson and by an implicit trust that nature will so direct her mysterious agencies in the human system so as to bring the human organs into harmony with a properly directed mentality (M. Coue calls it a subconscious imagination) the way is opened to health.

"I do not do it myself," says M. Coue. "I merely show the way, but I am convinced that if the method I teach is made a basic part of the training of the next two generations the world will benefit, for a stronger, nobler race will be the inevitable result. My sole aim is to devote my last days to the helping of my fellow men."

The skeptic arriving in Nancy soon has his doubts assailed. Hotel keepers, chauffeurs, restaurant waiters, the man in the street—all have stories of friends who believe in Couéism. Only the medicos shake their heads wisely and refuse to express an opinion, but even they admit that the fame of M. Coue and his pupils is reaching far and wide. It seems that Couéism has the infectious quality of success, and one sufferer actually helped has little difficulty in organizing a village group for the application of psychologic teachings to the ills which beset daily life—whether of a moral or physical character. This will be M. Coue's aim in the United States, and his colleagues are convinced that progress will be much more rapid there than in tradition bound Europe.

Patients Gather in Bare Room And Read Mottoes on Walls

Of what does a Coue "conference" consist? Imagine an undecorated upper room perhaps ten feet square, with camp stools and kitchen chairs lining the walls. Between twenty and thirty "patients" can be accommodated here, and as they come from all classes of life, young and old, either M. Coue or one of his assistants opens the conference by calling attention to the Coue motto, prominently displayed on the wall:

"Every day, from every point of view, I am getting better and better."

By repeating this, as an old woman will repeat her Litany, twenty times on arising and twenty times after a comfortable position has been found in bed at night, M. Coue insists that the mind will accept this suggestion, subconsciously, as an established fact. Once the mind is convinced, nature does the rest, for the organs of the body, the respiratory, circulatory, digestive systems are all dependent upon the workings of a healthy nervous organism. Even maladies which doctors insist will not respond to known treatments must eventually yield to the vital superiority of this healthy imagination—and as some of the callers, crippled for years with rheumatism, begin to smile and doubt the wisdom of their wasting time with M. Coue, the conference enters upon its practical, laboratory stage.

Without calling the individual patients into a private room, the lecturer asks each the nature of his or her particular ailment. One grandmotherly old lady—she admitted 72 years—groaned with rheumatism in her knees. "I haven't been able to walk comfortably and without a cane for more than ten years," she told THE NEW YORK HERALD'S correspondent.

"But you'll soon walk as well as ever," M. Coue replies.

Must Teach Herself Non-existence of Pain

And then, in a few brief sentences, the Coue theory is again expounded, but this time applied to her own case; she is told that she feels pain merely because she has taught herself that she must feel pain when she walks, and that if she teaches herself the nonexistence of pain in her aged knees her subconscious imagination will not allow her to feel it. "And now shut your eyes and repeat as rapidly as possible 'Ca passe' (it is going)' she is told, and after two minutes of this mental exercise much to the surprise of the other patients, the old lady walks nimbly around the room.

"But I still feel a little pain," she insists, holding on to her rheumatism with all the affection accrued by years of constant presence.

"Then we'll repeat the suggestion," and after another minute or so, while an assistant lightly rubs the trembling knees, the patient finds that she is able to increase her speed; she fairly runs around the chairs, walks up and down stairs and finally and ungrudgingly admits,

"Mon dieu, I haven't been able to do that for five years. I'm cured."

Tells the Patient Pain Probably Will Return

But faith in this instantaneous cure is not sufficient for M. Coue, and the patient is then told that the pain will probably return, but that it can always be driven away by the power of autosuggestion, until finally it is overcome by the healthy organization certain to arrive if the formula of Couéism is repeated morning and night, calmly but with conviction that it is true:

"Every day, from every point of view, I am getting better and better."

The formula never changes, but is applied successively to skin diseases, stomach ulcers, beginnings of paralysis, neuritis, trembling of the members, in fact even the most intimate diseases. Two women, wheezing with asthma of long standing, experiment for two minutes with "Ca passe," and rejoice to find that they can walk up the steep staircase without losing their breath. A child of twelve, with a cataract appearing over one eye, reports for further assurance: the cataract has already diminished. In this case M. Coue does not hesitate to recommend that a doctor also be seen, but insists that the doctor's advice must be supplemented by a training of the subconscious imagination toward health.

"Last Monday my whole body was covered with eczemic sores," an evident laborer tells THE NEW YORK HERALD. "The doctors said it would take weeks and that I couldn't work. I only followed M. Coue's orders for four days (it is now Friday) and I have only these two small patches on my ankles," for by some strange freak nature seems to draw such maladies always toward mother earth.

"I had rheumatism years ago and for years I haven't been able to close my hand more than this," relates a well known society leader, who has accompanied her husband "more out of curiosity than anything." The husband has just been "cured" of a severe pain in the back, which only a stout, hand carved stick would relieve. A cursory examination of madame's hand shows that there is no ankylosis, and the simple formula is repeated.

"Now close your hand," commands the lecturer, and with the usual ejaculations of surprise and dismay that her doubts have been dispelled in the presence of witnesses the fingers are found to be clasped so tightly and painlessly that they can be forced open only with difficulty.

All this happens in a well lighted room; the patients know each other well and probably have, in cases, condoled each other over their ailments. It is little wonder that they agree to follow Couéism henceforth, and spread the new gospel among their associates.

Medical Men Doubt Benefit in Organic Ills

The medical profession naturally considers that M. Coue "cures" are largely in cases of an exaggerated nervous character, and that no organic disease will respond to the simple insistence of two sentences. But M. Coue denies this, and has now published a booklet telling of more than a hundred successful "cures." These cover every phase of organic trouble, and after reading certificates from official hospital radiographers telling how a stomach ulcer, or even an embryonic tumor, had disappeared after they had photographed it only a few weeks before the patients started taking Couéism it is difficult to remain in the ranks of the unbelievers.

M. Coue has already received invitations from more than fifty American cities to lecture on his "method," and personal letters from highly placed political and social personages continue to arrive asking that the new evangel be spread in the United States without further delay. As in the case of England, where Lady Beatty first sponsored his efforts, and where later such social leaders as Lady Ampthill and Lady Gray admit that he succeeded where doctors failed, M. Coue's expansion effort in the United States will bear watching if for no other reason than its probable effect on the representative thought of the nation as expressed by acknowledged leaders.

Ban on Canadian Cattle Abolished by Britain

GREAT BRITAIN'S embargo against Canadian cattle has been removed, bringing to an end a hard fight of thirty years' duration on the part of federal and provincial governments of Canada, backed by Dominion livestock producers.

The bill, which passed Parliament without division, will permit the introduction into England of cattle to be pastured and fattened there. Heretofore it has been necessary to slaughter animals at the port of entry within ten days of arrival to prevent possible contamination of British herds with contagious maladies.

The removal of the embargo, for which the Canadians have struggled since 1892, comes at a psychological time, when the emergency tariff of the United States has crippled the Canadian export trade in cattle by heavy imposts. The British embargo did not affect Australia or the Argentine, because it is impracticable to ship cattle alive to England from those countries across the tropics.

The lifting of the embargo, it is expected, will prove a great stimulus to the cattle industry in Canada and bring back Canadian export figures to their former importance.

In the period when the Western provinces were given over to vast ranches the export trade in cattle was one of Canada's basic industries. The removal of the embargo by the United States in 1897 diverted this trade largely to that country. Now the recent tariff embargo placed on Canadian cattle by the United States and the raising of the embargo by Great Britain will, it is expected, swing the trade tides back across the sea.

In 1901 there were five and a half million cattle in Canada, while in 1921 there were ten and a quarter million. With the settlement of the West the cattle industry is now largely in the hands of small farmers.

In 1921 Canada exported 296,511 cattle, valued at $20,463,891, and almost the entire trade was with the United States. The prairie provinces will be the chief beneficiaries of the removal of the British embargo. The tendency there for years has been toward diversified farming, and practically every settler and small farmer raises cattle and other livestock in addition to growing field crops.

GOV. MILLER'S TEACHER DESCRIBES HIS YOUTH

Continued from Page Three.

All of the ideals of manliness which characterize that organization to-day were little Nate's then.

"He was a good student, too. Even at that early day he had begun to show that ability which distinguishes him to-day of being able to stand upon his feet and think clearly and express clearly and concisely to his hearers the message in his mind.

"I think that one of his first triumphs was of that nature. I was present also upon that occasion and took no inconsiderable pride in the event. It was a speaking contest for the boys of the school. All the countryside had gathered in the little school house to hear the boys declaim. I introduced the boys one after another.

"Some did very well and others were timid and halting, just as you sometimes see boys under similar circumstances to-day. Finally I introduced little Nathan Miller. I remember his subject was 'Toussaint L'Overture.' He stepped to the center of the platform without the slightest embarrassment or hesitation, and delivered his speech with a confidence and vigor that was astonishing. The result was that he won the prize.

"Nathan L. Miller knows what it means to labor. I wish every man in this country who works with his hands could know the struggle and hardship of the boyhood days of Nathan Miller and understand by what difficulties he has arrived at his present position. Nathan Miller cannot help but sympathize with labor because he is acquainted with the stuff it is made of.

"He was brought up on a farm. He knows what it is to get up before daylight and do a man's work with his hands until darkness stops him. When he went to school to me, he got up at 5 o'clock in the morning and did the chores about the home before he walked the half dozen miles to school. And when he walked back home at night he found more work waiting for his hands.

"I want to tell you and Gov. Miller that New York owes an inestimable debt to his mother for the kind of Governor this State has to-day. Had it not been for the self-sacrifice of his mother, he would never have had the opportunities for education—such as they were—in his boyhood. Many a time, I know, his mother went without a new hat and made last year's dress do another season in order that she might take the money she got from butter and eggs to see that her children were warmly clothed and had the proper books for their schooling.

"I shall not be surprised if at some future time I shall have to turn my face toward Washington instead of Albany to see the boy who went to school to me."

GIRL STUDENT'S PARIS SUMMER

She Was Particularly Impressed by the Learning and Ability of the French Woman Teachers.

By ISABEL TALBOT.

BY a misunderstanding that proved to have delightful consequences I went abroad this summer with a party of "highbrows" known as the "University Group." When I made my arrangements nobody asked me about any connections, and it was some time before it dawned on me that university group meant people from our American universities and not, as I had supposed, the universities of France. I wanted to attend the lectures arranged by the latter and did so without objection by anybody. Only as it turned out I made the single member of the group who was not connected in some way with a university, either as graduate, instructor or pupil.

The group was made up of women from all over the United States (and a few from Canada), aged from twenty-five years up to goodness knows what. And there were a sprinkling of men, mostly young and preparing for a scholastic or diplomatic career. We each paid $650, and that covered the entire trip. For this moderate sum we were perfectly well taken care of.

Those of us who stayed in Paris were lodged in two pensions. Ours in the season is a young men's club, but as most of the members were away for the summer they could take us in. It was a curious place. On the ground floor was a large room that ran off into various little bays and inlets that were specifically salon; music room, cloak room. Down the center of this vast place ran four long tables and in the morning you found these spread with red checked cloths, and down the middle in a straight line stood a perfect battalion of big white pitchers of coffee, hot milk, delicious chocolate, enormous plates of bread and butter and stacks of big coffee cups.

A half grown boy was in charge, and if supplies gave out he pounded on the dumbwaiter and called up the order. The other two meals were just the ordinary French luncheon and dinner, and were very good, with plenty of vegetables and fruit, and almost no sweets, to the amazement of some of the American guests.

There was a very genial proprietor, who was away most of the time, and the pension was run by the widow of an officer killed in the war. She was young enough, handsome, distinguished looking and well dressed, and we bored her almost to tears. It isn't much wonder, is it?

Curious About Americans, But Daunted by Numbers

A few members of the club came and went during the summer. There were generally about ten there. They showed the liveliest curiosity about "les Americaines," but seemed daunted by the numbers. Many of them spoke some English, and were very grateful if one talked with them, but as most of us were there especially for French the poor things didn't get much chance, but mostly listened to our more or less lame and halting conversation. Personally, I found most of them very agreeable, and finding that I didn't mind being laughed at, and really liked being corrected, they laughed and corrected with the greatest freedom. They and madame talked incessantly at meals, and I have never heard any conversation so sparkling and so quick. It was like listening to corks popping; and they apparently were able to keep it up indefinitely. Anglo-Saxons run down after a time, but they never seem to.

We went often to the theater, seeing some modern plays, but mostly the classics, because the teachers and students I knew best had always dreamed of hearing Corneille, Racine, Moliere, &c., at the Comedie Francaise, and they knew all the plays thoroughly. They all began at 8 and never ended till nearly midnight. I loved the plays. I had no idea I should enjoy them so much, and it gave me quite a complacent feeling, but sometimes they did seem a little long; to the others they never did, which is the difference, I suppose, between the amateur and the professional.

I want to say at this point that the teachers among whom I was thrown were an uncommonly cultivated and intelligent set of women. They came with minds thoroughly prepared, and what they carried home to their thousands of pupils must be priceless to the United States. Also they were less didactic and less prone to disputing points than any other set of women would be, I am sure, simply because they were afraid of acquiring those faults. As for the French audiences! It was in summer and everybody was supposed to be out of town. The Comedie Francaise was crowded with "little people"—trades people, work people—who not only listened with the most rapt attention to every line, but recognized the line as it came. The applause started almost before the actor finished.

Most Teachers Women, And All Very Capable

The Alliance Francaise is a big handsome building (101 Boulevard Raspail), and there seemed to me innumerable lecture rooms. Most of the teachers were women, and all excellent. Even the knowing ones thought that, and to me their knowledge was something amazing. Most of us, especially at first, had to listen hard to understand, and I should think they might have felt pinned to their chairs by all those eyes fixed so intently on them. Everything there was absolutely free to us. We could have just as many lessons as we liked or cared to get—and also at the Sorbonne.

I had always thought of the Sorbonne as an institution of itself, but it is, in fact, just the building where the public lectures of the University of Paris are given. It is a wonderful building, and the lectures the very best in France. I am by nature a long and late sleeper, but I arose cheerfully at 7 every morning, ate a hurried (and horrid) breakfast and walked a mile at top speed in order to get a good seat for the 8:30 lecture. There I stayed through for the 9:45 and 11 o'clock lectures, each lasting an hour; and I should have felt repaid only to have watched the professors' faces as they talked. It doesn't seem fair that the French should have such a gift of language, for they don't need it as we less expressive people do. When M. Millardet (literature) was coming to something special you could tell it by the way his eyes gleamed and the corners of his lips curled, and sometimes it was so good he had to whisper it. M. Picaret gave a thrill even to the stupid parts of history. M. Hourticq, the art professor (he is in this country now I think), sits perfectly motionless and talks in a very soft voice, like chain lightning, and I sat on the edge of my chair and listened breathlessly.

The Sorbonne itself, or at least the hall we were in (Salle Richelieu) is cold and smelly and the seats are certainly harder than any other wooden benches; there are no windows and no other means of ventilation as far as I could see or feel. The audiences were most interesting. A gray haired Englishman with a monocle sat near me sometimes. There were a good many English, a good many Americans, some French, a few Chinese and Japanese—looking so studious—an occasional brown man—I don't know of what nationality, and quite a number of monks and nuns.

Group Went to Visit All the Battlefields

The "group" was taken out of town for the week ends. We went to all the battlefields. I refrain from expressing my feeling for them. The one thing I should like to tell of is our arrival at a small village—Viller des Coteret—by chance the day they were celebrating their "Fetes des Morts" on the anniversary of the mobilization of the troops. It was raining and we followed the little procession out of town to the cemetery with its thousands of white crosses. There were a few speeches and the children put flowers at the foot of a monument—a touching little ceremony. We also went to the lovely old town of Sentis with its Roman ruins and its bright new little station with the cross of the Legion of Honor on its face. Out a few miles from Compiegne we saw the white wooden cross in the woods which marks the spot where the armistice was signed. At Rheims Cardinal Lucon, a charming old man, received and made each one of us feel personally welcome.

At Rambouillet we were to have been received by President Millerand at the famous old chateau, now the summer residence of the Presidents of France, but some meeting of state prevented, and we were received, instead, by the Mayor, who made a very graceful speech of welcome, and finished by regretting that he could not offer us wine, our country being prohibition. We were very much amused, and perhaps he saw it, for, at the luncheon served under a pavilion in the lovely garden of the Hotel Saint Herbert, we were given the most delicious champagne. Whether provided by his honor or by our guardian angel, the French Governments, we never knew. Rambouillet is too well known to describe, but one thing I had never heard of was quaint old "Bergerie," where are kept the merino sheep descended from those imported from Spain by Napoleon, and absolutely the only flock of pure bred Spanish merinos in the world.

On August 24 we packed our trunks, paid our last visits to the most beloved places, including the Cafe Rotonde, and, early in the morning of the 25th, took the train for Tours. It didn't seem possible that we were really leaving. After six weeks in Paris one seems to belong there. And so much had to be unfinished, or not even begun. Even the wonderful chateaux of the Loire and of Normandy didn't console me much. There is a moving picture cafe with no front to it in Tours where I forgot and enjoyed myself for an evening. It is filled with small tables, and the people go there and sit for the evening smoking and drinking coffee or liqueurs or du Bonnet (ours), and some of them playing dominoes, while the pictures go merrily on. Outside there is always a changing and sometimes a jeering crowd, as when the rest of our group discovered us there.

We had lovely and interesting trips to all the chateaux and to the Jeanne d'Arc country, finishing in beautiful old Rouen, but, excepting for that moment in Tours, we didn't live there, and it isn't the same. I would gladly have lived a month in Rouen, or any of the other places for that matter, but it was time to come home, and we said au revoir to la belle France.

POINTING A PREP SCHOOL BOY FOR COLLEGE

Continued from Page Three.

periods, or if he is an old prep boy himself, remembering what he had to do he scoffs at what he calls "too much recreation." Either way his comment unsettles the boy.

A wise father recognizes the probability that times have changed since he was preparing for college and that preparatory schools have altered with them. We are strong in the belief that experience has taught headmasters how much study and how much play are good for growing lads. I for one do not know of a standard school where one or the other is exaggerated and the fact that pretty nearly the same time is apportioned to either sport or study in all modern prep schools proves that the allotment has been carefully thought out and adjusted. This being so I feel annoyance if I don't express it when a father says to me at parting:

"Now I wish you would let my boy out as often as possible, of course without interfering with the school discipline. I have tried to take out of his mind the fear that he was going to be a sort of prisoner here. A little lenity at the start will do more than what I said."

But, my dear sir, I might have replied, while there are no prisoners here we cannot let a boy run down to the village any time he thinks he wants to. If we did in a few days we wouldn't have a school here. But what I do is to shake my head and say:

"Quite impossible. Your son will study with his class, recite with his class, play with his class. He will have just as much personal freedom as the others and no more."

And this foolish father goes away regretting, no doubt, that he has entrusted his hopeful to a confirmed martinet.

What the prep men of other generations forget is that spirit of sodality out of which grows loyalty to a school on which we headmasters build. Our so-called restraint is a blessing rather than a hardship. A boy mopes by himself; he is a garrulous creature. His joy is to run with the herd, to sport when they frolic, to battle when they fight, to become a part of a live society. This is the foundation of all schools; the foolish father who would remove it would scatter emulation and progress and destroy our fabric. If he gives the matter a moment's consideration he would stay his hand.

BIBLE TEACHING A COLLEGE NEED

Professor Power Says That Religious Instruction Is Ignored in Many Institutions for Training of Youth.

By PROF. RALPH L. POWER, University of Southern California.

PRESIDENT THOMPSON of Ohio State University recently said:

"I am in no way untrue to State institutions when I say that in our day a boy might become a bachelor or master in almost any one of the best of them and be as ignorant of the Bible, the moral and spiritual truth which it represents and the fundamental principles of religion, their nature and value to society as if he had been educated in a non-Christian country. Who is to supply this lack if not the Christian college?"

Recognizing the legal separation of church and State, it is obvious that State universities cannot maintain theological departments or strong courses in the Bible. A much needed movement is now apparent, however, on the part of certain State institutions to afford some training in religious instruction.

The situation at the University of Kansas is a splendid example of this movement. The Kansas School of Religion a non-degree granting institution, was organized with an excellent location near the university campus. As trustees the following denominations have representation: Baptist, Disciples, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist Presbyterian, Unitarian, African Methodist and United Brethren.

Thus instruction in religion, a necessary part of any liberal culture, is given under the unified auspices of the various denominations, and the State university grants a limited amount of college credit for the courses pursued in the School of Religion. Such schools are in successful operation in many State institutions and the movement is certain of growth, although in some States the denominational leaders are still trying to play the denominational game. A few of the larger denominations have entered whole heartedly in handling the religious work of the denominations of the State universities. Notable in this branch of religious activity is that of the Methodists in the University of Illinois.

Denominational Colleges Ask Aid of the Churches

Yet it is with the denominational colleges of the land that this article holds primary interest. Are the denominational colleges of the country short changing the churches? They are prone to ask for financial assistance for grants and endowments and for other assistance of varied nature. In return are the churches getting value received or anything like a fair return on their investment? It is not enough to adopt a passive attitude in relation to religious knowledge.

Most of the great schools of the country were founded by the church—Harvard, Yale and Princeton, for example—and yet in practically every instance you see these institutions today as strong, sturdy universities which have at some time or other totally withdrawn from church control and domination. The church colleges of to-day are becoming too large and unwieldly and the churches find considerable difficulty in administering them. It is noticeable that in most of these institutions the departments and schools of religion are the weakest points of the entire organization. Yes, our educational institutions of collegiate grade are becoming tremendous machines for the education of the youth of the land, and the educational rather than the evangelistic viewpoint is much to be desired in their management.

Because we have been dogmatic we have discouraged many Christian professional leaders for the church work. Students with a call to service have become disgusted and discouraged, with the result that they have finally entered other fields.

Compulsory chapel, vespers and other religious activities avail little from the viewpoint of the layman. If attendance be not compulsory the question presents an entirely different viewpoint. Religion must be spontaneous and desired. It must grow from within rather than be forced in from without.

The student pastor, whose chief duty is to minister to the needs of the student body, can exert a tremendous influence in molding character, in shaping the destinies of thousands of young men and women as he mingles with the students and takes part in their many activities both on and away from the college campus.

Says Churches Neglect The Youth in College

The church of to-day is largely neglecting the youth in its colleges. So far it pretends to depend upon the atmosphere of the denominational schools to adequately care and direct our religious life. This has been, especially in large schools located in the big cities, of a minus quantity. A special work must be developed under the leadership of some far sighted and sympathetic leader, whose business it is not to teach but to correlate campus religious organizations and to relate the students with the church.

The youths of the land leave home at the age of 16 or 17 and break with one stroke the ties of home. They live in an abnormal setting, sometimes amid artificial surroundings, in fraternity or sorority houses, in boarding houses or private domiciles.

College professors have a full schedule of regular class lectures and outside events. The local preacher in nine cases out of ten leads a busy life and then, too, his parish activities command the major portion of his time. Perhaps the religious community isn't a typical university one, as is so often the case in municipal centers, and perhaps the local church is unsympathetic with the college spirit.

Unless the student is particularly interested in religious courses it is possible, and highly probable, that he will spend his entire four years in college as an undergraduate, and even three additional years in a graduate professional school or college, without having been touched by any religious organization.

His spiritual and religious growth and development have stood still while his intellectual and physical development have reached their highest powers. His pre-university philosophy of life and religion is no longer adequate. He goes from great university halls into active commercial life and leadership useless and uninterested in the church or in religious problems and programs.

The breaking down of American home life is a veritable challenge to the churches of to-day. It increases in large measure the duty and responsibility of the churches and colleges connected therein to do better and finer work in religious instruction.

No more does the American family gather at the fireside of a morning and evening for daily devotions, no more do the boys and girls listen to the wise counsel and advice of the father and mother, nor do they evince an interest in bringing their individual problems to the fireside for solution. The church school, therefore, finds its work more difficult to perform and yet this very challenge is in itself capable of bringing out the best that is in these religious institutions if they will but forget petty jealousies and seek the truth.

There are many denominations represented in most of our denominational schools and colleges, both on the faculty and in the student body. The churches pour wealth into educational fields and for university administration. They must see that the colleges do not fall them. Schools, colleges and departments of religion must develop, they must go forward with their goal clearly in sight and wisely defined.

Fine Indian Baskets In Yosemite Museum

WITH the addition of the Mitchell collection of California baskets, the Yosemite National Park Museum in Yosemite Valley has become one of the notable treasure houses of the United States for the preservation of Indian handicraft. Some of the specimens in the collection are not to be duplicated elsewhere, not even in the Smithsonian Institution.

This latest donation to the museum consists of fifty-eight fine baskets given by Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitchell of Visalia. The pride of the collection is a Tulare friendship basket, the only one in existence, so far as known. The basket is not much to look at, though the workmanship is good. Standing probably eight inches high, with a diameter at the top of perhaps twelve inches, it has a comparatively simple design in black and white which would never catch the eye of an amateur.

To the [illegible]nologist, however, this design means more than any other, because it [illegible]he symbolic handclasp used only [illegible] baskets which were never sold, but were given at births or deaths. The Indians were very superstitious about the design.

One of the rarest examples of basketry in the museum is a Piute gambling tray decorated in a rattlesnake design. Indians take their games of chance very seriously and high stakes are played. Perhaps that is why they regard the gambling trays with some awe and refuse to part with them to white people. This particular one is twenty-four inches in diameter, woven perfectly flat except for a curved edge to keep the dice from rolling off. A complete set of six dice made from halves of black walnuts filled with pitch and inlaid with abalone shell goes with the tray. The dice were cast from the hand, and six up or down scored two points, three up and three down scored one point, all other combinations not counting.

Another valued piece is a treasure basket into which are woven quills of a yellowhammer. This was the magic bird of the California Indians, typifying good luck. Tee-wye was his name in their simple religion, and his brilliant quills were thought to have especial virtue in guarding against ill fortune.

Foremost in interest to visitors are the large cooking baskets, which make a great show because of their size. California Indians had no pottery or metals except a small amount of pottery among the tribes in the far South, and recourse was had to weaving to obtain domestic utensils. The cooking baskets were woven watertight, and into them was poured boulate or acorn mush, which was cooked by hot stones placed in the mixture.